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When God Stands By

BY PAUL SCHERER

They shall put you out of the synagogues: yea, the time cometh, that whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service. John 16:2.

I REMEMBER one afternoon watching the "Bremen" steam out of the placid harbor at Cherbourg into the black maw of a hurricane, white and majestic in one last gleam of sunlight before the tumult closed in and blotted her out of sight.

That is what was happening to the men who sat listening to Jesus in the quiet of that last evening around the table. They were destined shortly, all of them, to face the wind and the dark. Whatever problem is posed for the human mind and heart by the existence of evil in a world of God, they were headed for it: not theoretically, as one would stage an academic debate, back and forth; but quite practically, behind prison bars and at the point of a sword! Things had been running smoothly enough thus far. Tomorrow on the hill there would be a cross, and life would start going bitterly wrong, as at a signal. It would seem like a ghastly world for such good people, with nothing much but contempt and death waiting around every corner, and God just standing by doing nothing. No matter how kind they were, putting themselves out to bring a little happiness on the earth, they'd be slapped in the face for their pains. Many a time they would look up amazed and hurt and bewildered. He only hoped they wouldn't be unsteadied by it. Perhaps if they remembered then how he had told them of it before, that would help. And it did. I am sure of it. Life might go bitterly wrong, but it wasn't bitterly inane and senseless. He had understood it. Jesus had at least put them on their guard against the savage ills of living!

Today I have planned that we shall all draw up our chairs together in front of this same distressing reality. Our experience of life's bitterness is perhaps not so poignant as the apostles', and yet I dare say it is poign-

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ant enough for our taste. It is still a rather ghastly place at times, this world which the creative will of God sent spinning down the ages; and we are not always so confident that there is anything very friendly about it. It doesn't look like an arrangement with which even a human father could be well pleased, with its sin and its pain and its sorrows that pile themselves up in a black mass making "their wide entreaty to the sky." Oscar Wilde used to say there was enough suffering in any lane in London to prove that God doesn't love the world: disease and poverty and lust and anxiety and grueling disappointment and plenty of graves about! What in heaven's fair name can anybody make of it—and of him, if there is such a one, who stands by and allows it, and too often by ten times doesn't seem to turn his hand? Why? From the very cross itself tortured humanity flings its amazement in the face of that Eternal Silence: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

HAPPINESS IN ODD CORNERS

Of course, I don't want to overstate the facts. We shouldn't, any of us. There's no use going on about them, as St. Augustine does in his Meditations, calling life wretched and blind and confused and unclean, the mistress of all evils, with death at her heels. I submit that life isn't only that. There is loyalty too in the world; there are homes, and laughter, and friendship, and music, and love—far more of these than some of us seem to think, and in odd corners too! You remember the legend about a certain Oriental king who was very unhappy, and summoned a philosopher to ask a little advice. The philosopher told him to seek out the most contented man in the kingdom, and to wear for a while his shirt. But when, after exhaustive investigation, they found the man, as you will have surmised, he had no shirt!

There is happiness about in odd corners, and the beauty that makes for it; nor is anything cheaper: sunsets, flowing water, the virgin green of the spring, gentle hands. Even pain itself has its uses now and then, giving us a red light to keep us from disaster —to put us on our guard. No sense in passing all this up just because you want to make out a case against the love of God! Maybe he does give a star, as Swinburne says, only to take a sun away; but let's at least be honest about the stars! There are myriads of them. Why, I am told that in even the brute creation, where nature is so frankly and undisguisedly red in tooth and claw, there is a balance that has to be set down on the credit side of the account, a kind of surplus about the joy of living over and above the pain of dying. No, we shan't paint the pictures with colors that are too somber. We must not misrepresent the facts.

PAIN IS REAL, TOO

But it does no good to understate them either, or to overlook them, as some folk want to do, smiling at them as if they were not there. Pain is real enough, and all the host of ills that flesh is heir to. Nor is there any ready, facile answer a man can give to them: grief-stricken eyes that look at you and want to know what sense life makes, with a husband lying there dead, or a son who perhaps would be better off so, or a poor racked body that goes on living just to be one long agony knocking at the doors of the mind behind the forehead, or a job that's gone now, and feet that ache, trudging the streets, never catching up with anything.

God pity the man who has only something light and merry to give them for their woe! If they are going to stand up at all they don't want a reed shaken by the wind. And they don't particularly want to hear what anybody has to say who is clothed in soft raiment. They that wear soft clothing are in kings' houses. Let them be. But Jesus has something to say. He is their kind—a gallant guest at life's feast where for him too the chief bounty was bitterness. When we set ourselves to face this problem of evil in a world of God, let us at least face it with his poised mind, not heightening any of the colors, and not toning them down either: just trying to be honest with life, and with ourselves, and with that other who stands by. "They shall put you out of the synagogues: yea, the time cometh, that whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service."

START WITH AN ASSUMPTION

Now to make any headway in this matter at all, we have to start out with an assumption. It is only an assumption. You reserve the right to make any other that seems more reasonable to you. It is the assumption that human souls are here to grow into some fitting stature; that this isn't the end of us; to put it simply, that we are getting ready for something. I dare say that has been said in your hearing more than once. Perhaps more than twice. But if you put even to God the same question every time things go wrong, he has to make you the same answer. Three multiplied by three is still nine, no matter how often you pose me the problem. No use telling a lie for variety's sake! Whenever you look up hurt and amazed and bewildered, the first stay to get hold of, like a man reaching for a strap when the subway lurches, is just that whatever else life is, if it is interested in anything, it is interested in what you turn out to be. There is no other hypothesis I know of on which it can be made even to seem intelligible. It isn't particularly interested in how long you live—that much is certain. As D. H. Lawrence once remarked, "Poor old Queen Victoria had length of days, but Emily Brontë had life. She died of it!"

And there doesn't seem to be much concern anywhere that you should be, as we say, happy. Lawrence goes on: "Life is like a capricious mistress: the more you woo her, the more she despises you. You have to get up and go to something more interesting. Then she'll pelt after you. It is concerned, this strange business of living, with what you become, and it will take off its hat to you in the end if you grow to some decent height."

The men at the front during the World War came

to feel that way about it. They said in effect, as their well-nigh unanimous answer to a questionnaire that was circulated among them, "There is something going on in the world which demands primarily allegiance. We hardly know what it is. We only know that something great and righteous wants us and requires of us our help." Behind all the cruel folly of war they could feel that! You may try all the other conclusions you like; but you'll come back to this, that the supreme issue of living is the state of a human soul.

When once that has taken firm hold of you, there can be little doubt left that some kind of struggle in a neutral, perhaps even a seemingly hostile world, is going to prove inevitable. Moral struggle is the price

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life has to pay somehow for progress. A "comfortable" world is no place for the growth of a sturdy spirit.

Dr. Swan, of the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia, used to say that he could imagine no more perfect hell for an atheist than having to live in the kind of vacant and purposeless universe that all atheism presupposes. I can imagine no more perfect hell for the staunch stuff of which humanity is made than a flabby world that would never confront anybody with grief or disappointment or pain or quick disaster. I can't picture such an order with men in it, with courage in it, or faith in it, or sacrificial love in it, or anything in it that makes a man a man. Why almighty God didn't fix it so that we could have victory without the possibility of defeat, bravery without any reason for fear, peace without any necessity for tumult, I don't know. It's about as reasonable as to suggest that we should have been blessed with the kind of fire that can broil a steak but can't burn down a house. I only know that a being who is incapable of pain would be incapable of joy, and no man at all—if words have any meaning and thought has any significance. I only know that a man incapable of wrong would be incapable of right—or else humanity would no longer be humanity, and the mind would be no longer the mind.

This world may not seem to you the best of all possible worlds; but I hazard the statement that it's the best of all possible worlds for the growth of a human soul. I at least have trouble trying to fashion any other.

WE LIKE THE HAZARDS

But more than that: When the plain truth is spoken we like the hazards. Our interest too "is on the dangerous edge of things." If there aren't any perils around we either manufacture a few, or we go and get our thrills vicariously at the movies, or we are bored stiff. And that's a fact! The trouble with what we call dead certainties, as someone has put it, seems to be just that: they're dead. Surely all the truest and the highest and the noblest that's in us goes out in solemn salutation to every divine flash of heroism that lightens the drab landscape of the world.

The heroic Robert Scott wrote home from the dreary wastes of Antarctica: "My dear Sir Edgar: I hope this reaches you. We have been to the Pole and we shall die like gentlemen. We very nearly came through, and it's a pity to have missed it. If this diary is found it will show how we stuck by dying companions and fought the thing out until the end." When that diary was found there wasn't a heart in the civilized world that didn't stand at salute, because we knew very well that something great was passing by.

And really it was only another form of the heroism that grew on my street one day in the humble heart of a mother who lingered by the dead body of her husband, dedicating all the years that were left to the lad, a man now, who waited there with her, his hand in hers, his wide eyes quite innocent of the world's threat and of the lone flag that fluttered against it. Again our souls stand at salute. Without knowing altogether why, I can understand that William James was right when he said that life is an austere tragedy in which we relish most the bitterest it has to offer.

HUMAN HEROISM

On the scene of the world heroism alone plays the great parts. In it lies the hidden mystery of life. A man is nothing if he is incapable of sacrifice. Evident though his shortcomings may be, if he is ready to give up his life, we forgive him everything. However inferior he may be to us in other respects, if we cling to life while he throws it away like a flower, we bow to his superiority.

"They shall put you out of the synagogues: yea, the time cometh, that whoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service." There was the fact then, and they were not to brood over it. They were to realize this, that the first solution of the problem of evil in a world of God lies in an act of the human will.

There is no end to it until a man draws his sword. Jacob found that out wrestling there with his fear and his God by the river's edge, crying aloud in his extremity, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me." And in the morning as the sun rose he halted upon his thigh, moving on through the fantastic garlands of the mist toward a new day. Job found it out, as he struggled to his feet against the torrent of words his friends poured out upon him, and fairly shouted: "Hold your peace, let me alone, that I may speak, let come on me what will. . . . Though he slay me, yet will I trust him." And the psalmist found it out, as he mulled over in his memory the deadliest thing on earth, then broke away to the glory and goodness of God: "Thy mercy, O Lord, is in the heavens; and thy faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds."

It is amazing how often we meet with that gallant recoil in the case of those who suffer deeply. It is the peevish fellow with little sorrows who makes the angriest complaints. So may a man learn to fling ahead against the most savage of life's ills, with a faith in God's good will that makes them look tame.

THE FREE SPIRIT SEES GOD

Then, and only then, when our spirits leap free against the world, do we discover that God is standing by, not as one who looks on and does nothing, but as one ready to run up at a gesture and throw down all he has. Because, you see—he has been in this too! Not Mr. Jeans' mathematical God, who might cause a sparrow's fall but could never mark it with compassionate eyes; but the God who was in the gentlest man that ever lived and was crucified for it; the kindest friend anyone ever had, and was betrayed for it, with thirty pieces of silver clinking coldly in a leather bag. God has been in the midst of all human tears. He lost his Son there. A friend of mine once said, speaking of his own son that was killed, "If I had lost my son and God had not lost his, I should have had a depth of experience denied even to God himself."

There is One who came over on our side of the gulf, and picked up somehow worse scars than mine. Our tragedies are light against the darkness of his cross. I think he has a right now to take all weary folk in his arms, and say to them great, tender, knowing words, and not let them go. Calvary is the last comfort God has to give when life throws all its weight against a man! And isn't it enough? Isn't it enough?

HISTORY shows no agency comparable in influence with Christian religion in bringing the spirit of good will among men. The growth of civilization under the stimulus of science and technology demands for its stability a great increase of the spirit of service and good will. Christian education will train the leaders needed to spread that spirit and make it effective. If we truly love our fellow men, if we would save them from war, disaster and chaos, if we would enable them to create the new world of their hopes, we must supply such education. ARTHUR H. COMPTON.

Tidings From the Soul

BY GAIUS GLENN ATKINS

For a man's soul is sometimes wont to bring him tidings, More than seven watchmen that sit on high in a watch tower. Ecclesiasticus 37:14.

THERE IS a sufficient and dusty wisdom about the book of Ecclesiasticus, itself a book of wisdom, and a sufficient wisdom about wisdom literature. Wisdom is likely, finally, to take proverbial forms, worn smooth by much handling and containing in their sententious brevity some final distillation of immemorial experience and the conclusions bright or shadowed of searching meditation; as though laughter and tears, loss and gain, hurt and healing should issue in one haunting requiem.

The book of Ecclesiasticus is among the noblest compilations of such literature lost too long to Protestantism, though Augustine treasured it and we have now begun to recover it. The immediate context controls the interpretation of the text itself. The writer is considering the sources to which one may turn for counsel in perplexity. There are, he says, three sources: a wise and unselfish friend, his own soul, and God. He is shrewdly observant about the possible intrusions of self-interest in what other people advise us. He is reverently laconic about seeking God's guidance and he urges the seeker not to forget asking advice from his inner self, for, he says, a man's soul is sometimes wont to bring him tidings of more concern than any watchman's report—no matter how high his tower.

If it is an affair of words, I do not know what the writer means by soul, nor do I think any dictionary likely to help us much. No word has a longer ancestry nor has any word ever been charged with richer meanings. Its values are in its timeless associations, in its overtones and intimations. It is haunted by the mystery of our own lives, it is burdened with faiths and hopes. For Dante it is the self which casts no shadow; for religious faith it has been the brief tenant of our house of clay; for the psychologist it is the sustaining and continuing self; and for us all it is an indispensable word whose value is that it cannot be defined.

I

Actually, as Ecclesiasticus uses the word—and it uses it often—the soul seems to be one's truest self, unfinished and capable of instruction, needing to be known and proved and yet wisdom's agent and, it may be, the channel of the Most High. The bitterest of shames is to be ashamed of one's soul. A wicked soul destroys its possessor. The man is blessed whose soul does not condemn him and there is nothing so much worth as a well instructed soul. So the grave music beats out its measured admonitions, returning again and again just to the soul—the permanent possibility of one's best self, the mystery and wonder of personality, the self one wants to be in his seasons of clearest self-knowledge, his too infrequent moments of noble desire and high purpose; the true, deep-down-inside self right for time and for eternity. That soul does bring tidings.

Without it, to begin with, we should have no tidings at all, from anywhere. Eye-gate and ear-gate are only its portals. They may receive code signals from a snowflake or a sunbeam, from wind-blown dust or the Milky Way, from a dewdrop or an earthquake, from a friend's voice or the drum-fire of a battle front—no matter. These are never tidings—meaningful and coherent—till the soul has taken and recast and interpreted them. Our star-doomed world and all it contains and all who inherit it are only tidings from the soul. Otherwise they are light waves or air waves, impacts of the tides of cosmic energy, fugitive as the glint of sunlight on water, persistent as the great globe itself, but until they become tidings from the soul, they are not our world, nor the pageantry of its seasons, nor the faces of our friends, nor any such thing, never.

The soul transforms all sensation into the forms and orders which constitute for us our seen and sensed world. The soul colors its tidings with its own qualities. They are never twice the same. Sometimes we hear in the sounds thus reported the music of bugles blowing challenge and courage from heights to be held or stormed, and sometimes a sighing miserere. These tidings from the soul make sunlight brighter or else they shadow a cloudless hour with the soul's unrest.

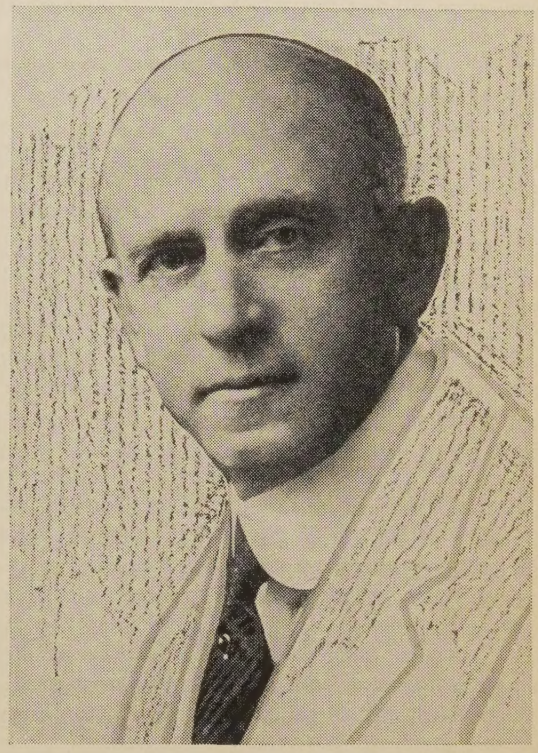
We live, when all is said and done, not in the world which eye or ear reports, nor in the same world with those who are nearest to us. We live in the different worlds our different souls report. I am not forgetting the massive solidities of the orders of which we are a part, nor transforming the outer world into a magic candle show, a dance of shadows and we who stage it only shadows ourselves. Nor am I forgetting what explanations of all this the psychologist and philosopher offer. But, in a sense which is as true as it is indefinable, all experience and all the elements which contribute to experience only supply the stuff which takes its final tone and color from the soul. Life *is* experience, experience made continuous and whole and meaningful by the soul by which it is received, recast and reported. Life itself is tidings from the soul.

II

The soul does so much more than receive, transform and interpret. It controls and directs. The soul does bring tidings of direction. This, I suppose, is really what the text means. Life is a combination of the certain and the uncertain, the familiar and the strange. For the most part, especially in mature life, we live and work in familiar regions, sustained and guided by use and wont. There are roads in an Ohio countryside which I no longer use, save in memory's viewless journeys. Did I say "viewless"? They are more vivid, in recollection, than the snow-banked sidewalks my study windows frame. I see all their turnings, their levels and their little hills; the fields they pass, the river they cross, the creek falling from quiet pool to quiet pool over gravelly shoals by which they wind. I could use them now on the blackest of nights—if there were no peril of motorcars—and find with homing sureness the lane gate through which I turned as a boy to love and shelter and dreams.

Life is—or should be—blessedly like that. There are roads of routine which we follow without thinking, in any dark, assured and assuring. They are paths of habit, established and maintained by the great road builders, the constant ways of labor, love and duty. We actually meet most of the situations we have to face so sustained and guided. They are, I suppose, tidings from the corporate soul of society. The dear ways of our homes, our affairs and the ethical structure of most of our goodness are thus communicated.

But always there is the unexpected—situations for which there is no clear precedent, alternatives we have not so far faced, forks in the road for which there are no guideposts, and use and wont seem dead-end



Gaius Glenn Atkins

streets. What then? Wait, the text says, for tidings from the soul. Amid so many voices, clamorous, confusing and contradictory, what does your soul say—that deeper self whose detachment from the distracting surface currents of desire, prejudice or passion is its wisdom and its strength? I do not say that its counsels are infallible. It may be perverted and its vision dimmed. But if we can only reach it and refrain from imposing our headstrong wills upon it, it is wise with the surest wisdom we possess. It contains and continues an experience older than our own.

When precedents fail the lawyer, the soul urges the simplicities and clarities of elemental justice. When the doctor's case does not go by the book, another self, matured through all his experience, may take a sure control. When his machine breaks down, the engineer falls back upon something more dependable than his technique; just the self all the forces which have shaped him have conspired to create, equal to catastrophe,

master of accident and chance. Parents in dealing with their children, young people in their choice of pleasure and companionships have one resource. There is always, though deeply overlaid, the self of hopes and dreams, of love and vision. Its tidings may not be complete in directing detail; they will be right and saving in the quarters toward which they force us. In his seasons of confusion a man is wont to have tidings from his soul.

III

He may, if he listens, have tidings as to duty, the sovereign oughts and ought-nots of life. This is more than wise decisions in difficult moments. It is an affair with the creative choices and the sovereign obligations, a revelation of loyalties which orientate and of devotions which in their finest forms glorify life. Duty, the poets say, touches dust with grandeur and its path comes out upon shining tablelands.

The soul has something to say about duty. In ways hopelessly beyond our tracing the soul has always been in relation with these moral imperatives which a bishop once said are the nature of things. The outcome of that long engagement has become our moral natures. Its issues have become edicts, its victories have become moral permissions, its defeats have become moral prohibitions, its certainties have become decalogues, and its always summoning and never attained perfections have become the Sermon on the Mount. Conscience has become its august voice.

If it is not confused by casuistries and made willfully subject to the baser lords of convenience and desire, but left to adjudicate out of its depths in which so much is stored, the soul-self knows—knows what is right in its spacious dominance as the needle knows the magnetic north. There is a text for this also, one of the great passages of the Old Testament. The grave music of it is too long to quote here but the conclusion is a timeless insight: "No, the matter is very near you, in your mouth and in your mind, for you to observe." Tidings from the soul.

Tidings, also, of happiness and satisfaction. We are never satisfied until the soul is satisfied. There are contradictions enough—I believe they call them "tensions" now—in the needs of the soul. It wants at once so little and so much. The needs and impulses and urgencies of our physical existence weave their filaments through the soul; the mind colors it with its passion to know and to understand; imagination wants the soul for its robing chambers; and it has its own foregleams and homesicknesses besides. The issue of all this is a divine discontent which is the source of all our questings, and of the restlessnesses which undo us as we yield to them. On the other hand, the soul really wants so little, though the little it wants is so great; friendship and work worthy of our faculties, shelters of which homestead and hearthstone are only symbols, beauty for its vision and bread for its hunger—these and what they root in and ripen into.

But until the soul is satisfied all other satisfactions are Dead Sea apples, dust on the lips. We have a finer name than contentment for the satisfactions of the soul—we call it peace; a finer name than happiness for the shining serenities of the soul—we call it blessedness. Until the soul reports tidings of peace and blessedness, its acid restlessness eats life away. For what else is the tumult of our time, its seas made hostile, its skies made murderous, its frontiers made lines of shotted steel and its winter airs vibrant with bitter mischief-making words, save the soul of the time without either peace or blessedness projected against all our horizons? It is time to listen to the soul for tidings of content.

IV

Now all this begins to gather together. The soul has its own tests of what is real and unreal. It says the last word about philosophies and theologies, about systems and policies. Of course, so sweeping a statement needs immediate qualification, for the soul seems to have little enough to say, and that confused enough, about such things. They seem too vast for individual approach, too massive for individual disposal, and yet, when theologies have run their controversial courses, the soul is their final court of appeal. It accepts and rejects them as they serve its integrity, satisfy its native needs and maintain its peace.

Our little systems have their day and cease to be; or else in changing forms but with central consistency they outlast empires. Why? Because the soul, souls enough, in the long assize of experience have found them false or meaningless and with no power to illumine, guide or assure, or found them real and true. Massive inheritances have yielded to this approval or disapproval of the soul as geologic ages have yielded to changing climates. Once they seemed established beyond challenge of any contradiction, then they are gone as shadows go when the sun is set, or darkness is gone when the sun is up. Or else they endure—timelessly. Why? The soul has reached its verdict and its tidings were their triumph or their doom.

The soul brings other tidings, prophetic, anticipatory. It witnesses to its native order through its homesickness. It testifies to the comradeships which it seeks through its prayers. It affirms the realities out of which it issued and to which it must return by its faith. Those affirmations of faith which sustain us and touch our pilgrim roads with a light from beyond the hills of time are the soul proclaiming its birthright. It affirms its lordship over time, it makes eternity its domain, for it has eternity in its own nature. Our faith in an endless life and our plastic yielding to its power are prophetic tidings from the soul. And when on Easter morning the light of Christian assurance transforms our dim and questing earth-ways, the tidings from the soul are glad acclaims, as though the soul itself should say, "I have seen my travail accomplished in the victory of the Lord of Life, and am satisfied."

V

And yet, if one is to have authentic tidings from his soul-self, what care he must take to win a soul whose tidings can be trusted! If our souls are ourselves, then we seem to have so many and such contradictory selves. They fill the audience chambers of life with their clamor. They are kind or cruel, they are wise or fool-

ish. They go wrong so sadly and sometimes so tragically. We have selves that seem insensitive to every appeal of love or summons of goodness, selves that sorrow over the wrong they have done, selves that destroy themselves with pride and power. They also bring us tidings, but their tidings confuse and perplex us. The contradictions of our theologies are in their interpretations of these tidings. Do they affirm grandeur in ruins, or souls entangled as they struggle up?

No matter. Our tasks are plain. If we are to get authentic tidings from these soul-selves, they must be disciplined in judgment, corrected by experience, instructed by the wise and good and kept always open to the light; selves made beautiful in good will, supremely and in ways beyond any words to say it. The self whose tidings are authentic keeps all its channels open on the Godward side of life and, entreating God, receives instructions which give to its whispered messages some communication of a wisdom higher than its own. Then its tidings become accents of the spirit of God and the counsels of the Eternal speak through them. We Christians believe that souls like that are fashioned in the Way and the Truth and the Life of Jesus Christ, and that by his grace to have won such souls is to have crowned our brief endeavor with immortal victory. These are the ultimate tidings from the soul.

Half-Christs

By Edgar N. Jackson

WE sometimes hear it said that "if Christianity were given half a chance it would remake the world." Such a statement causes us to ponder the question, Why hasn't our Christian religion been able to make more of an impact in the twenty centuries of its existence?

Not long ago my eye was arrested by a line from the poet Swinburne which puts its finger on at least one reason for this failure. With the poet's aptitude for phrases he painted a picture in a few words—and a picture not too pleasant to see:

For tender minds he served up half a Christ.

That line reveals a trait not entirely new in interpreters of Christ. It has long been the practice of both individuals and the church to dilute Christ's teachings for popular consumption. It becomes an easy practice to protect the tenderness of people's minds when searing truth is involved. It is so much easier to choose the part of Christ we want to interpret and neglect the rest—"to serve up half a Christ."

DISMEMBERING THE GOSPEL

Peter was one of the first to practice this dismemberment. He was on the Mount of Transfiguration with Jesus. There he got a glimpse into the heart of the Christian message. Jesus became a radiant being before him. He was filled with awe and wonder at the logical beauty and spiritual power of the purpose of Jesus as he now saw it. The new vision was so intoxicating that he did not want to leave it. He wanted to stay on the mountain top—to build a tabernacle—and dwell in the light of the problem-solving idea. The valley where ideas became life seemed far away and unreal. Why clutter up the spiritually beautiful with the morbid and mundane? For him the tabernacle was more real than the bewildered, bruised and broken world.

Peter was the father of a great tradition. The selective dismemberment of the gospel has long been a favorite religious exercise. Wherever minds are tender with fear, or sore with selfishness, or infected with pride, or guilty of the easily overlooked sins, detours have been found to make more palatable the tonic of Christianity. It was diluted to meet the political needs of Constantine, institutionalized by Augustine, intellectualized by Aquinas, diverted into conflict and persecution by the Reformation. It became the justification for "the divine right of kings" on the one hand and the democratic urge on the other. In the south it defended slavery, and in the north opposed it. In Germany it inspired the Kaiser and in the United States condemned him. Today it both praises the patience and good will of the industrialist and opposes the orgy of exploitation. It has been misused and abused until it has become all things to all men. Christ was merely crucified, but his gospel has been sawn asunder and torn to bits.

IDEALS VERSUS IDOLS

This practice of serving Christianity in fractions comes not from a basic desire to distort. Rather, the full gospel is so great we cannot attain to it and readily slip into the pitfalls that await a mind too tender to face the truth, or lips too fearful to speak it. There are definite places where the paradoxical nature of the gospel tends to invite fractionalism. Our purpose is to acquaint ourselves with some of the more obvious causes for division, and set ourselves to guard against them.

There is the eternal tension between idols and ideals. The essential nature of paganism is self-worship. The heart of religion is dedication to an ideal or to a being beyond one's self. It is not always easy to tell where one begins and the other ends. Our problem would be much easier, were it so. When Mr. Pliable set out with Christian toward the Celestial City he was quite sure that he wanted to go. He was temporarily as enthusiastic as Christian. But he had not gone far on the journey until he came to a large mud-puddle, called the Slough of Despond. When his feet became wet and he was stuck in the mud, the City of Destruction was transformed before his eyes into a city of comfort and refuge, and he returned. He was at heart a weak-kneed pagan, willing to take a fling at Christianity until it made its demands upon him. Our modern day with its emphasis on things makes a subtle bid for loyalty. It makes it more difficult to draw the boundary between the City of Destruction and the City of God.

Peter was bitten by the same subtle bug when he tried to dissuade Jesus from going up to Jerusalem. The self-gratification of having the physical compan-

ionship of Jesus was so real to him that he was unaware of the possible results of living a life of complete self-giving to its absolute conclusion. We sympathize with Peter. It did not seem reasonable to risk one's life for an ideal when there was so much else that could be done. Peter in his ignorance was choosing the half-Christ of self-realization rather than the Christ of self-abnegation. Peter had not developed the art of "letting go" that is essential in being responsive to an ideal larger than one's self. But Pentecosts do not come easily.

Today we see the lineal descendant of Peter faced with the same choice and acting true to form. In order to protect its position and property in Spain, Italy, Mexico and elsewhere, the Roman Catholic Church is choosing the half-salvation that comes from sponsoring fascism, rather than facing the possible social and spiritual Pentecost that might come through giving itself unreservedly for the preservation of those rights which alone insure the development of the personality into an abundant life.

WISDOM AND POWER AS IDOLS

We so easily make our own wisdom and power an idol. We fall down and worship the products of our own hands. We also worship our practical insights and continue to jeopardize Pentecost. When John Wesley came upon the scene the Church of England was satisfied with its wisdom, summed up in the philosophy which labeled half of the population as worthless—so ordained by God. The theory of social station was accepted. But Wesley was not satisfied with that view of man. He believed in a larger gospel, that all men have within a spark of the divine. He took his message beyond the church to the mine shaft, the village green, the shop gate—and the Pentecost of the Wesleyan revival was the result. The idol of wisdom is a treacherous pagan force when not subjected to an ideal larger than itself.

In our age of materialism, with its emphasis on a multiplicity of things, we must be more than ever aware of the notion that life is the accumulation of things. In the motion picture, "You Can't Take it With You," the tension between things and ideals is dramatized. Kirby, the munition manufacturer, with his power in the world of things is defeated when it comes to holding the respect of his own son. He has to learn the meaning of life over again from an old man of the slums who had found that happiness comes from something beyond mere things—from that which gives things their ultimate meaning.

THE CHURCH IN THE WORLD

Perhaps the most blatant expression of the conflict today is seen in the nationalistic state. With evident honesty Mussolini avows atheism and Hitler paganism. They worship the god of force and power. The claims of humanity, of sacred word and personal honor are as nothing before this god. All that represents an honorable opposition is dead—crushed. The idol becomes the ideal, and religion is dead.

Another major source of fractionalism is the tension set up by a divine institution living in secular society—the conflict of respectability and responsibility. This boils down to the choice between the pleasant and the unpleasant—if we use worldly ideas as our standard of measurement. We like to be liked—we do not like to be the source of continual irritation. Yet the church of Christ must express a divine dissatisfaction with human imperfection. How can we be responsible to our ideal and still remain respectable?

Jesus faced the problem. A few days before he was to be executed some men from a Greek city came down to Jerusalem to interview him. Dr. Stalker feels that these men were offering Jesus a professorship in one of the schools of the Greeks in Asia Minor. The

Edgar N. Jackson

Greeks were a religiously hungry people and were continually on the lookout for new religious teachers. The fame of Jesus had come to them, and they wanted to know what he was teaching. To Jesus this proposition must have had some inviting elements. He was young, and did not want to die. He would have the chance of teaching more people, and possibly of writing a book that would even extend the circle of his influence. Certainly being a college professor would be more respectable than being executed as a criminal! But Jesus sent the men away. It was not his desire to satisfy curiosity, however well intentioned. His desire was to give himself completely to that hope of Israel that had come to life in him. He was not a half-Christ; rather he was the Son of the living God.

The conflict between the respectable and the responsible takes many forms. It may be choosing the expedient against the foolhardy. Perhaps this is as innocent as postponing the unpleasant until a more propitious

occasion. Or it may be merely using our wisdom to clothe our messages in the modesty of generalities so that their nakedness may not show through. For how horrid it would be if we were to be held responsible for the complete exposure of Christ's message in our day! So we camouflage our message to keep the truth from being too clearly seen, without realizing that the trouble today is not so much that people are gross and immoral as that they make the easy rationalization that where their responsibility is not clear they have no responsibility.

HALF-BAKED CHRISTIANS

And when we choose the way of superficial respectability we fail to see that we must accept the responsibility for the half-baked Christians that we create. Who is responsible for the man who sees no connection between the thoughts of Sunday and the acts of Monday? Who is responsible for the woman who is pious on Sunday and assassinates characters on Monday? Who is responsible for the fact that the Social Creed of the Churches, adopted in 1912, could not be read in most churches today because it would be considered too dangerous and inflammatory? Why is it that even our great church holidays are a mockery to us, with Christmas being symbolized by tinsel, Easter by hats and Thanksgiving by turkey? Because we have been overcome by detail and preoccupied by little things we have made our religion a thing neither hot nor cold. When we serve up half a Christ we can expect no better results than we see in the world about us.

Marguerite Wilkinson has a line of poetry:

> But the black sheep have vigor.

The line is suggestive. The Hitlers and Mussolinis are not lacking in faith in themselves. They may be insane but they are not insipid. But we, who have the greatest source of power available to mankind, all too often stand before it in fear. And our power slips through our fingers—our leadership is gone. We can be respectable in the final analysis only when we are responsible to the revelation that comes not from men, but from God.

WHEN UNCTION STIFLES ACTION

Another source of conflict is between unction and action. Unction in its free interpretation means pouring on the oil. A church or its minister may err in either direction at this point. No day has been more in need of the ministry of sympathy than our own. A church that cannot stimulate the flow of the healing oil of human kindness is failing in its mission. But religion is more than sedatives, rosewater or aspirin. Emotional sympathy must be undergirded. To love the Negro in Africa and exploit him in our own town, or to sympathize with the Jew in Germany and despise him on our own street, is worse than meaningless. Too much oil-pouring is merely symbolic. It doesn't get anywhere. It represents only a small fraction of the religious duty.

The church in Germany with its emphasis on quietism gave no resistance to the forces that are seeking to destroy it. It was interested only in a spirituality that affected life indirectly. The German church has become heroic only since external forces have forced it to go beyond the half-gospel it traditionally proclaimed to include another area of human experience—the struggle for freedom and truth.

Unction without action is in danger of bleaching the color out of Christ, and making him an anemic figure. Our fundamentally revolutionary religion becomes too easily satisfied with resolutions. Historically, though there are outstanding individual examples to the contrary, the church seems to have developed the art of hibernation. When trouble arises it can cover the troubled waters with oil and not present itself again until the storm has blown over. But when it returns it is never the same. Something happens. The danger of ingrown hypocrisy is insidious. One cannot hide under half a gospel when things are stormy without losing something forever.

It is encouraging to see the proof of the spiritual power of Christianity revealed in its tenacity in spite of the half-hearted way it has been interpreted by its professional leadership.

MEN WHO WENT ALL THE WAY

However, the high points of history are marked by efforts of courageous men to live and teach the best they know without fear or care of consequences. Socrates, drinking the hemlock, died as an "atheist" rather than be satisfied with the half-gods of Greek mythology. Jesus died on the cross as a blasphemer because he was determined to live to the end his belief in the power of God to work through men in building a Kingdom of God among men. Luther braved the wrath of the most powerful organization in history because he could not tolerate the misuse of truth. And Wesley withstood ridicule and persecution because the church of his day was presenting only a small corner of the gospel, when he saw its larger meaning. When men have been fearless enough to accept the challenge of the gospel, the world has been moved.

The Kingdom of God will never be built among men by a traffic in half-Christs. The gods of idolatry, piosity and respectability must go to make room for the complete revelation of Christ in understanding, dedication and courageous action. Only when we face the future with such determination will we evade the fractionalism that so surely besets us.

In a day of collapsing ideals the demand for an uncompromising presentation of the message of the Christian gospel is imperative. It will be a costly adventure, but we have the promise expressed in the words of Emerson:

> Heartily know
> When half-gods go
> The Gods arrive.

I FEEL a great affection and admiration for the church because it alone has had the courage and persistence to stand for moral and spiritual freedom. I am forced to confess that what I once despised I now praise unreservedly. ALBERT EINSTEIN.

Deep Wells and Living Waters

By Elmer S. Freeman

Thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep. John 4:11.

THE incident from which these words are taken, told only by the writer of the Fourth Gospel, is one of the most warmly human in the Gospels. It takes place in Samaria, the portion of Palestine which lay between Galilee and Judea. Its inhabitants, being descendants of those Jews who centuries before had intermarried with their Assyrian conquerors, were religious and social outcasts from Jewry, and only under the spur of the most urgent compulsion would a properly reared Jew pass through Samaria or condescend to speak on terms of equality to one racially so impure as a Samaritan.

Actually, when Jesus decided to leave Judea and go north again to Galilee, his disciples would have preferred to take the much longer route which ran east of the Jordan, thus avoiding Samaria entirely. But Jesus insisted, and they pressed on through the land of the despised Samaritans. They came to the village of Sychar, or rather to a well perhaps half a mile outside the village. We who need never go farther for water than our kitchens or put forth more effort to draw it than to turn a faucet, can have no idea how much a well of water means to dwellers in a semi-arid land. In most parts of Palestine, wells are so scarce that they are mentioned by name in history, as this one was—Jacob's well. Villages and cities were often located by reason of their proximity to wells, as was, no doubt, this village of Sychar.

Though a village well was usually a center for the town's social life, it happened that at the moment when Jesus and his disciples arrived there was no one there. While his followers went on into the village to buy food, Jesus, "wearied with his journey," seated himself by the well, probably on the low stone coping which surrounded it. As he waited a woman came from Sychar to draw water, bringing her own rope and water-jar, I suppose, for there was no other means of raising water from the depths of the well.

Jesus opened conversation with her by requesting a drink of water. This was exceedingly unconventional, for at least two reasons. First, he was a Jew, she a Samaritan (and "the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans"). Second, it was unusual for a rabbi or teacher even to speak to a woman alone in a public place. The woman remarked upon these incongruities, and there took place a conversation which began in an almost gay, bantering vein (at least I so interpret it), but which became more and more serious, profound and symbolic with each sentence, until Jesus was saying to her some things which up to that time, so far as we know, he had never said to anyone else. It is here we find his memorable reference to his teachings as "living water, springing up into eternal life," and his famous phrase, "God is spirit, and they that worship him must worship in spirit and in truth." And to this unknown woman Jesus makes a claim and a confession which he does not make even to his disciples until much later in his ministry—that he is the "Messiah who is called Christ."

I

I ask you, therefore, to permit me to read some like symbolism into a sentence which the Samaritan woman addresses to Jesus: "Thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep." I think she intended nothing by those words beyond their plain, matter-of-fact meaning. But I think also that they may properly suggest thoughts that are much deeper.

I wish we might let this text suggest to us the danger of superficiality in our living. We were thinking just now about water, as Jesus and the woman of Samaria were talking about it. In that place and time, people got it from such wells as that where they stood as they talked. Here and now we get it from the great lake by the side of which our city lies. But there is this likeness about both sources—pure water, "living water," is not drawn from the top surface. It is taken from the deeper portions, though not the very deepest levels, of the source of supply. Surface water will do in an emergency, but it is likely to be polluted; and sometimes travelers in desert country are forced to drink the dregs, as it were, of wells and streams almost dried up, despite the mud and offal that may lie at the bottom. But the best water comes from that point in a well or lake or reservoir which is both well below the surface and well above the bottom.

I would suggest to you that life is like that. Its real meanings, its true issues, are not to be found on the surface but in its deeper levels. The old Greek philosophers, you know, thought of the good life as having three elements—truth, beauty and goodness. The more we look at each of them, the more clearly we perceive that the "living water" in each comes from deep down below its surface.

II

First, consider this matter of truth. No creed which man has ever written is more than a surface expression of his deeper belief in realities more fundamental than he can put into words. When the Nicene Creed says, in somewhat ponderous syllables, "I believe in One God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible," it is doing no more than putting into totally inadequate words the religious man's immemorial and ineradicable conviction that God is. Back of all doctrines about God is man's inner experience of God; behind all prayers lies the irrepressible impulse to pray; underneath every formulation of scientific law is the assurance that the universe is so orderly and reliable that there can be a scientific law.

Now I believe in science. But I believe also that science lives only in the surface waters of the well of life, not in its deep waters. Do you remember the words of Mephistopheles in *Faust?* He says;

He who would study organic existence
First drives out the soul with rigid persistence;
Then the parts in his hand he may hold and class,
But the spiritual link is lost, alas!

There are, that is to say, innumerable bare facts lying about on the surface of life, like the pretty pebbles or shells which any child can pick up as he walks along a country road or on the seashore, and which he can hold in his hand and admire. But they mean nothing, except as they lead one's understanding ever more deeply into questions about their origins and their relationships. They are like Tennyson's "flower in the crannied wall," of which the poet goes on to say:

. . . if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all
I should know what God and man is.

Truth lies deeper than the facts and is of purer fashioning, as the water in the depths of a well shows a constant purity untouched either by the pollution of the dust on its surface or by the contamination of the mud at its bottom. Great winds may agitate the surface of the sea into liquid mountains and valleys, but down in the cool depths there is calm, and unshaken placidity.

III

Again, the Greeks thought of beauty as one of the pillars on which the good life was built. It was Oscar Wilde who once wrote, "We do not see anything until we see its beauty." In the well of beauty no less than in the field of truth, that which lies on the surface is almost sure to be less truly and permanently beautiful than that which lies deeper.

It is no accident, I think, that the poetry, the art, the music that have survived the grinding edge of time are those which depict those human emotions which move on the deeper levels of the well of life. The Hebrews had only a little poetry, but most of that poetry was the Psalms, some of the most magnificent sagas of the human soul ever composed. Greek literature has survived in generous amounts, not because it was technically brilliant writing, though much of it was, but because the Greeks distilled into their poetry and their drama the essence of their conviction that life is meaningful alike in its epic accomplishments and in its almost equally epic and tragic failures. One rises from a reading of Aeschylus or Sophocles feeling that here were men whose thoughts and spirits moved not on the surface, but in the very abyss of human existence, where life's waters, whether of joy or of pain, run still, run pure, run deep.

I have seen on billboards lately notice of a—what is it called?—"Jitterbug Jamboree," to be held in this city in the near future. I am not quite sure what that is, but I gather that music accompanies it. I venture to predict, however, that ten years from today—perhaps no more than ten months from today—no piece of music played that night will be remembered or performed. But ten years—yes, and a hundred years from now Handel's *Messiah*, Haydn's *Creation*, Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*, Wagner's *Parsifal*, or even some of the Negro folksongs of America's deep south, will still thrill their thousands, for they reach down and stir the depths of men's souls where the "swing music" of the present hour moves only their feet.

I am one of the multitudes whose only intelligence about painting and sculpture is summed up in the classic remark, "I don't know much about art, but I know what I like." But I am sure it is true that long after the daubs and angular monstrosities of most of our contemporaries have been packed away in musty storerooms, thousands will still pilgrimage to far lands to stand in awe and reverence before Da Vinci's "Last Supper" and Raphael's "Sistine Madonna." These appeal to deep aspects of man's nature; they draw from the depths of his well of beauty, not from its surface, while much of what today passes for art does no more than titillate his passing passion for novelty.

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IV

The third pillar of the Greek philosophers' temple of life was goodness. Here, as in the fields of truth and of beauty, the later ages owe them a great debt. Here Aristotle, perhaps, is a better guide than Plato, for Aristotle gives us the golden mean in conduct—nothing in excess, praise of friendship, stability of character, kindness of speech, even to an enemy. But both these great formers of philosophy recognized, as Immanuel Kant did later, that goodness is to be found on the deeper levels in the well of life's living water.

It is not so difficult to acquire merely the negative sort of goodness which refrains from doing evil, to practice conduct which we call good simply because it is not bad. The restraints which commonly surround

us—the influence of a good home, the example of friends and neighbors we admire, the opinion of our social group—these are enough to deter most of us, most of the time, from actions definitely evil.

But that is moving only on the surface. That is not drawing the water of goodness from deep enough levels in the well. Kant tells us in what real goodness consists—so to act that if everybody else acted the same way and from the same motives the world would be morally perfect. Above all, Jesus tells us where real virtue lies—not in the "Thou shalt not . . ." of the ancient commandments, but in the "Thou shalt love . . ." of his own new commandment.

Let it be granted that goodness is to some extent influenced by factors of time and place and circumstance. Nietzsche thought there was a hero morality and a herd morality, one set of standards for the *hochwohlgeborene,* the well born, and another for the plain people. We can hardly accept that, but we do know that moral standards and measures of goodness do alter somewhat with the years and with the miles. In Plato's *Republic* some babies were not to be allowed to live; here we care tenderly for all babies. Some tribes in the South Seas think it laudable to dispatch their aged people when their days of usefulness are over; in at least one American state we lately proposed to give them $30 every Thursday.

Real goodness, such as the Greek philosophers sought, does not consist in such relatively superficial matters as these. Real goodness goes much more deeply into the well of living; it takes its living water from far below the surface. It makes its definition of a good man like that of the fourteenth century mystic: "He is a good man who shares himself usefully." I think Jesus would have endorsed that definition of goodness; he was forever doing exactly that himself. He was gravely critical of the people who, as John McNeill puts it, "lived by a mathematically rigid legal code of behavior." He drew the water of personal holy living from the very depths of the wellsprings of righteousness. His was the kind of spirit of which Edith Lovejoy Pierce writes:

> Let there be peace within, a quiet core . . .
> Be calm, be confident. God is at hand.
> No wanton wind can blow your words to foam;
> Your heart is rooted in the deeps of life.

V

Are you seeing by now the symbolism I have tried to see in the words the Samaritan woman spoke to Jesus? "The well is deep." All the wells of real living are deep—the well of truth, the well of beauty, the well of goodness. Nowhere does the best lie on the surface; nowhere is true greatness easily found or won.

But there is also tragedy in this symbolism. "Thou hast nothing to draw with," the Samaritan woman said to Jesus. We who in our day-by-day living seek truth and beauty and goodness are in like case—too often we have nothing to draw with.

There is so little in our modern way of living which encourages us to seek access to the eternal verities lying hidden in its deeper levels. Most of us live so superficially, so excitedly, so restlessly. When we come to the well to draw water, we find our ropes are long enough to reach only its surface waters, and perforce we draw them up, with all their surface impurities and pollutions.

I am thinking, for example, of our education. More and more efficient in its purely functional nature, teaching our young people the techniques of making a livelihood; even teaching them better and better how to adjust themselves to our social institutions, which we call citizenship—that education is still basically deficient because it grounds itself in a scientific rather than in a religious outlook upon life.

No intelligent person objects to having children learn the facts of science. But the facts of science carry us only a very little way toward understanding the meanings of life, and no way at all toward understanding its values. So much a very distinguished scientist himself confesses. In his book *Man the Unknown* Dr. Alexis Carrel says: "Science follows no plan. It develops at random. It is not at all actuated by a desire to improve the state of human beings. Men of science do not know where they are going."

But the task of plumbing the deeper waters of truth, beauty and goodness in the well of living is one for men who do know where they are going, who do have a plan and a purpose. Man, as Hugh Tigner says, is "primarily a value-cherishing, meaning-seeing creature. He lives in terms of good and evil, beauty and ugliness, right and wrong." And to pure science these things are as meaningless as a treatise on philosophy to a first-grade child. To try to find them by science alone is as if the Samaritan woman had tried to raise water from the well with no water-jar attached to the rope she lowered into it.

To be sure, some men of science, including Dr. Carrel himself, do go beyond the tools of their own trade and do seek life's deeper meanings and values. But to precisely the extent they do so they cease to be merely scientists and become philosophers, or seekers after religious truth.

I suppose this turns out to be, at last, a plea for religious education—or at least a plea for a more religious education, extending not only through childhood and youth, but through all the years one lives. "Thou hast nothing to draw with," said this Samaritan woman to Jesus. If she meant (though probably she did not) anything like what I have been saying this morning, how completely she misjudged him. For no one of whom history bears record ever had within himself so complete an equipment of the spiritual vessels one needs to draw from the well of life its purest living waters. He had, superlatively, the insight to see truth below the level of the facts, the inner vision to perceive beauty under confusion, the resolution to pursue the path of active, sacrificial goodness beneath the surface waters of mere conformity to current modes of conduct.

That insight, that vision, that resolution we must seek, each one of us, for ourselves. Deep though the well of life may be, the resources of the religion of Jesus are sufficient to bring from its purest depths the living waters of truth, and beauty, and love.

The Triumphant March, Continued

By Durbin C. Scheibe

Never let your zeal flag; maintain the spiritual glow; serve the Lord. Romans 12:11. (Moffatt.)

IT WAS A HAPPY, enthusiastic and glowing crowd which marched triumphantly into Jerusalem with Jesus on that first Day of Palms nineteen centuries ago. It was a very simple procession, for there was no regal or martial display of flags, soldiers or bands. There was simply the man, Jesus, riding on a donkey, while his followers and some of the curious people marched along, singing: "Hosanna to the son of David, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord." Some carried palm branches and others cast their outer garments on the road so that Jesus might ride over them. No! I do not believe that we would be impressed with that simple procession if it should take place in our city today.

If, however, you had been privileged to be present on that day long ago, I believe you would have felt the glow of the spirit of that radiant group of followers of Jesus. The devotion of the true followers was most genuine, for this was the awaited opportunity to express their belief in the messiahship of Jesus. The Master had carefully avoided any public acclamation of his messiahship. He had gone his way quietly when people desired to make him their king. He had definitely charged his disciples not to tell others what they had discovered for themselves, that he was the chosen Son of God.

The Jewish people were looking for the fulfillment of the prophecies that a Messiah would come. The yoke of Roman rule hung heavy upon their necks. There was a spirit of chaos and unrest prevalent among them. On that day there were some people who dared believe that the Messiah had come. Is there any wonder then that it was an enthusiastic crowd which marched into the city with Jesus? The feeling and spirit of those individuals was not far different from the feeling of those who have worked diligently to elect a new president or a new governor, and having succeeded they march with the newly elected in a victory parade, confident that the affairs of the state or nation will be greatly improved. However, many who marched with Jesus knew what Jesus could do for individuals, for they had been touched by his life. His was not a mere platform of promises, but a program of action.

From our vantage point of history we understand that the conception of messiahship of most of the people was far different from that of Jesus. So many were disillusioned, and many turned against Jesus in the events which followed.

I

The Triumphant March, nevertheless, served two distinct purposes. It first of all gave opportunity for an expression of loyalty on the part of many who had been impressed with his teachings. An expression of loyalty is a very good thing for anyone, especially when it is rendered without compulsion, just as an expression of patriotism is good for any citizen, providing the expression is not forced. That march into Jerusalem had a definite value for the disciples for it gave them a vision of the scope and the attractiveness of Jesus' teachings, in a manner which they had not before witnessed. Furthermore, it gave to each one of them a certain recognition which is so necessary to the well-being of any social individual. I seriously question whether the disciples would have been as zealous and as daring after the resurrection without the Triumphant March which they had joyously shared.

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Secondly, there were numerous individuals who on that day for the first time were directly influenced by Jesus, and took cognizance of the fact that he was a leader of some import. We must remember that the city was crowded with Passover pilgrims from various parts of the country, some of whom had not heard of him before. Therefore after his trial, crucifixion and resurrection they were definitely interested in him, and were the more influenced because of the contact with him on that march into Jerusalem.

Thus the Triumphant March was continued after his death and resurrection, because of the glow and the enthusiasm which it engendered in the old and new followers. We cannot but wonder what the ultimate outcome might have been if everyone who sang "Hosanna" had remained faithful to him during the succeeding days, especially at the trial and the crucifixion. But people were fickle in that day just as they are in this, and a part of their enthusiasm died down. Even

the chosen disciples found their spirits waning at the time of his arrest and fled for their own lives. How truly did those eleven disciples reveal the weakness of humanity! But for them it was only for a brief time. After the resurrection they regained their glow and were more devoted than ever before.

II

The Triumphant March served its purpose for the second group too. Would there have been as many converts on the Day of Pentecost if there had been no Triumphant March? Does not a loyalty once expressed burst forth again with greater zeal when challenged anew? In how many places did the first Christian preachers encounter people who had been in the Triumphant March!

Hubert Whitehead, who was director of religious education in the Pilgrim Congregational Church of Pomona, California, some years ago, gave us an imaginative but very forceful picture of the impression which Jesus and the Triumphant March made upon three young men who happened to meet in Jerusalem on that particular day. He called his sketch "Three Strangers in the City."

Glavis was a soldier, Timothy was a merchant, and Solon was a youthful landowner. Arising early that morning the three were going about the business that had brought them to the city, and while walking down the street they were caught in the crowd which was watching and escorting Jesus into the city. Try as they might they could not free themselves from the crowd. Carried by the pressing throng they found themselves directly in the line of march. As Jesus approached them he turned and looked upon the three young men. "He said no word, yet Glavis gave salute, Timothy leaned eagerly forward as though on leash, and Solon snatched his cloak from off his shoulders, cast it down before the donkey, then kneeled himself as though in homage. And Christ rode on across the cloak, and as he passed, he looked at them with kingly, kindly eyes, and said: 'You, too, shall follow me.' "

Long years passed and Timothy and Glavis met by chance in Rome. Immediately their thoughts turned to that day long ago in Jerusalem.

"Glavis, have you followed him?'" asked Timothy.

"I have as well as an unworthy soldier may. I have lifted sword in battle as I might for right and truth." Almost apologetically he spoke, and then challengingly. "And you?"

Timothy replied with hesitating voice: "I too have tried, have done my best. A very feeble part, perhaps, yet I have tried. A merchant cannot do too much. I have dealt fairly, making but a meager profit, helping the needy where I could."

Glavis then inquired about Solon. Timothy replied: "He is dead, or gone to Christ. I would I had his courage. He studied Jesus' words whenever he could hear of him and tried to live according to them day by day. Then one day I was at the auction of his goods. . . . He sold everything that he possessed . . . and went and lived with the Christians. There was a raid by Caesar's orders. He sought to save a child, a girl, from worse than death; was taken, tried, condemned and burned to death in the Coliseum."

Glavis stood dumb and stricken, white-faced, appalled. Then he said: "Dear Solon! How passed he?"

"With a smile upon his lips, the last words that he said were: 'My King! I follow Thee!' "

With tears streaming down his face, Glavis laid his hands on Timothy's bowed shoulders. "What Solon did," he cried, "I dare also to do!"

Timothy slowly raised his head, looked straight into Glavis' eyes, caught there the fire of faith, squared his shoulders.

"I too," he said. "Come, let us 'follow him' and join the Christians."

III

That is the way the Triumphant March has continued down to this day, because others have dared to do what Solon did and thus have maintained that spiritual glow which was present on the first Day of Palms, and these have passed on the glow to others.

Have we not all had experiences similar to those of the disciples, when our loyalties rose to high peaks and then later found them waning?

Perhaps it was when we first joined the church. It was a time of high resolve because we dared publicly to declare ourselves as followers of Christ. Then the wheels of routine and daily tasks wore ruts into our lives and our high resolves gave way to temptations, and our spiritual glow waned.

Or perhaps it was at the time of our marriage—and we resolved to be worthy of the one to whom we avowed our love. Many were the plans, ambitions and resolves to take our rightful place in society as a member of one of society's constituent units. But the strain and worry of maintaining a home for the family and providing clothing and food eclipsed our spiritual glow and with it some of the love.

Again, it might have been at the time when the first child was born. There was the dawning of a consciousness of a new responsibility, and a new appreciation of God's great plan for children and parents. But the worry and the responsibility of giving the children the necessities of life and an education caused us to forget our true relationship to God as parents.

We have come to this Palm Sunday through a period of Lent, in which the church has had special service and has challenged the members to maintain the spiritual glow. Today we would join enthusiastically in that Triumphant March—but what about tomorrow and the next day? Will this be just another high peak which will be followed by a letting down of loyalty? Will we join the crowd who cried out, "Crucify him!" or will we be another Solon, Glavis or Timothy? It will be easier to follow the mob than to follow those who were loyal to Christ. But the spiritual glow must be maintained, our characters need the growth that will come by following him.

Let us therefore heed the counsel and challenge of another man who helped to continue the Triumphant March—Paul, the great apostle. Writing to his Roman

friends he urged them to "maintain the spiritual glow." May his words help provide the goal, the means to maintain our part in the Triumphant March of Jesus in our lives.

In the Moffatt translation of the twelfth chapter of Romans we find this exhortation:

"Let your love be a real thing, with a loathing for evil and a bent for what is good. Put affection into your love for brotherhood; be forward to honor one another; never let your zeal flag; maintain the spiritual glow; serve the Lord; let your hope be a joy to you; be steadfast in trouble, attend to prayer, contribute to needy saints, make a practice of hospitality. Bless those who make a practice of persecuting you; bless them instead of cursing them. Rejoice with those who rejoice, and weep with those who weep. Keep in harmony with one another; instead of being ambitious, associate with humble folk, never be self-conceited. Never pay back evil for evil to anyone; aim to be above reproach in the eyes of all; be at peace with all men, if possible, so far as that depends on you. . . . Do not let evil get the better of you; get the better of evil by doing good."

The Sound of the Trumpets

By Lynn Harold Hough

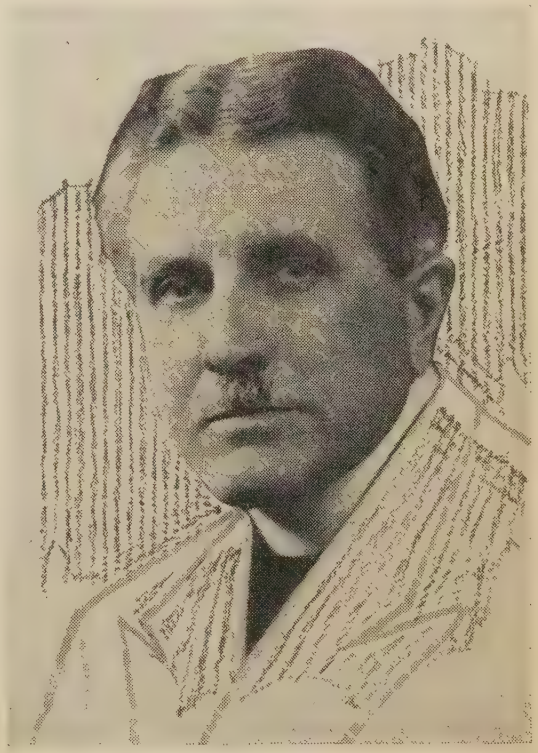
And behold, Jesus met them, saying, All hail. Matthew 28:9.

THE characteristic note of Christianity is the note of victory. On the resurrection morning Jesus met those who had come to pay tribute to a dead friend, and found that all their world was changed when instead of a dead friend they found a living God. His words "All hail" sounded that trumpet note which is characteristic of the Christian religion.

That great English spreacher, Dr. Robert William Dale, who for many years in Carrs Lane Church in Birmingham exercised a pulpit ministry outstanding in the English-speaking world of the nineteenth century, was one day writing a sermon on the triumph of life which Jesus wrought. He wrote the words, "Jesus Christ is alive." As he looked at the words the thrilling wonder of their meaning began to surge through his mind. He rose and walked about in his study repeating over and over again: "Jesus Christ is alive! Jesus Christ is alive!" It was an epochal experience in a life characterized by powerful moral and spiritual experiences. From that day, as long as he was pastor of Carrs Lane Church, he arranged to have a hymn glowing with the power of Christ's triumph over death sung every Sunday. He was determined, he said, that at least one congregation in England should come really to apprehend the fact that Jesus Christ is alive. And glowing with the power of the experience he wrote the book, *The Living Christ and the Four Gospels,* which put a new note of confidence into the preaching of men wherever the English language is spoken. In England, in Scotland, in Australia, in Canada and in the United States men with new courage in their hearts put the trumpet to their lips.

TRUMPET BLASTS FOR DARK DAYS

Life is always triumphant when Christianity truly takes possession of the minds and hearts and wills of men. It sets all the trumpets sounding. As we see the true nature of Christianity and of its ministry in the world, we realize that the sound of the trumpets must never be silenced. Even in the darkest days—*especially* in the darkest days—the sound of the trumpets must be heard.



Lynn Harold Hough

For twenty centuries the Christian religion has been putting trumpets to men's lips. And at the sound of the trumpets the walls of many a Jericho of unbelief and wickedness have fallen to let the hosts of Christ walk in. Circumstances have been bitter and tragic and darkness has settled upon the world, but in spite of everything the trumpets of Christ have sounded on. Augustine, commissioned by Gregory VII, carried them to England; Boniface set them sounding in the German forests; St. Francis made glorious music with them in Italy. And so it has been century after century.

Sometimes the sound of the trumpets is dulled by a great prosperity. There is a fatty degeneration which all too often comes with wealth and ease. The absence of foes often turns out to be the greatest foe of all. The city of a man's soul—which Bunyan called "Mansoul"—is often in greatest danger when no visible enemies are near.

But Christianity has resources which meet this baffling problem. There is a rosary of saints of wealth, who knew how to make prosperity Christian. Their real citizenship was not in the realm of the things which they owned, but in the realm of the God who owned them. And so they set the trumpets sounding in Vanity Fair itself. They learned that it is the true nature of things to be mastered by moral and spiritual meanings. And so they turned things to the purposes of the Kingdom of God.

THE LURE OF SENSUALITY

Sometimes the sound of the trumpets is dulled by the hard power of a heavy sensuality. The body claims rights which belong only to the mind and to the spirit. This has happened all the more easily because the body has true rights of its own. It is so pleasant to ride this steed of the body that, often beguiled by the happiness of the moment, we scarcely notice that the steed has taken the bit in its teeth and is running away, madly prancing toward the abyss. Men who are sensitive to great thoughts and to glowing ideals are likely also to be sensitive to vivid sensations. So the battle with the body is often especially fierce with men like John Donne who, once set on ways of victory, became the greatest preacher of his age. And when the body instead of being a wisely guided, nobly controlled servant becomes a fierce-blooded, wild-eyed master, the trumpets of the spirit are all silenced.

But nowhere more than here does Christianity win glorious victories. From St. Augustine to our own day there is one long tale of men who from lower passions rose to find a passion for the will of God the mightiest passion of all. And so once more the glorious trumpets sounded. The rose which Dante saw was not a pressed flower. It was a rose of love and fire. Christianity does not tell a tale of extinguished fires. It tells of a bush which is burning and not consumed, of a mind and heart on fire with the cleansing love of God.

Sometimes the sound of the trumpets is dulled by a terrible adversity. There is far more than enough of that in the world today. When hard hands reach out to make life brutal and bitter, the soul shrinks and the music dies. Men who know the justice and the love of Christ have a mission in such situations. No wrong is safe while one Christian remains alive. And no right, flouted and trodden underfoot by proud and bitter men, is finally defeated while one Christian holds his loyalty secure. And there are always more men and women than we think who have not bowed the knee to Baal.

SNATCHING VICTORY FROM ADVERSITY

But even in the darkest days Christianity teaches to men amazing secrets by means of which they can snatch inner victory from the very jaws of outer defeat. Christianity has always been at its best when the world defied it and when the Christian found it necessary to be another Athanasius *contra mundum,* one man against the world. So the trumpets sound most magnificently when they summon us to support seemingly lost causes. The blood of the martyrs is not only the seed of the church. It is also—to change the figure a little startlingly but truly—the breath by which the trumpets blow. Christianity has always known how to turn defeats into victories.

Sometimes the sound of the trumpets is dulled by the reaction after a great effort. The hour of reaction after a mighty victory all too easily becomes the hour of humiliating defeat. Elijah ran from the echo of a woman's voice after he had defeated all the prophets of Baal. One of our Lord's sublest temptations came when his nerves were completely overwrought after days and nights of brooding and spiritual glory in his soul. But there is a thought which does not depend upon the nerves, as Jesus so triumphantly realized. The will can be in rebellion. Eternity is mightier than time, even in a relative world. And so even before the tower of illusion which seems so real Childe Roland lifts the trumpet for a mighty summons.

In our own day all the powers of evil seem to be uniting to silence the trumpets. And only those who have felt the full onslaught and have been thrown from their horses and lie seemingly undone upon the ground know how grim and black the day is. But it is they who are still undaunted. It is they who rise still bleeding to grasp the trumpets once again. So it is in China. And if you listen you can hear from afar the sound of a trumpet in a concentration camp in Germany.

But it is one greater than a suffering Lutheran preacher who gives us our ultimate reassurance. We look not to a dead Christ lying in state after all these centuries. He is alive. He speaks again. And once again he says, "All hail!" We look into his face and we lift the trumpet to our lips.

The Significance of Lent

THE LENTEN SEASON is a well planned period designed to lighten the strain of life. It is based upon reason and experience. It calls for release from excessive social occupations, freedom from indulgences and a little more time for reflection and the consideration of the deeper meaning of life.

This means broadening and enriching life, making it real and shaping its course to a definite end. A quiet period in some church, a brief weekday service now and then, an hour with the great lessons of the Master, then a prayer, and a finer vision of life is given. This to the soul is like setting-up exercises to the body; it refreshes, stimulates and sends us out to the world renewed and better able to meet its difficulties. Our shortened lives could be lengthened and the real joys of life made more satisfying, if we would have periods where we give ourselves to regulated and prescribed devotional practices, and thought for a while about our souls. We *have* souls, even if at times we forget them, and they constitute an essential part of our equipment.

It is to recognize this fact that Lent is designed to be a season for surcease from non-essential things. Christ himself, burdened with the greatest scheme for improving life the world has ever known, stopped for a lengthened period and alone faced the greatness of his undertaking.

JAMES E. FREEMAN.

The Glad News of the Resurrection

By Carl Knudsen

And they departed quickly from the sepulcher with fear and great joy and did run to give his disciples word. Matthew 28:8.

Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord. John 20:20.

There is a river the streams whereof make glad the city of God. Psalm 46:4.

THE SPIRIT of Easter is like a great experience of love or a scene of ineffable beauty or a rendition of celestial music. It must be known and seen and heard to be even dimly understood or appreciated.

Words fail us if we try to describe the rapture and the glory of resurrection morning. It is little wonder that the Gospel stories vie with one another in their efforts to paint the splendor of that day. The air is electric with unbelievably good news. The two women, Mary Magdalen and "the other Mary," departed quickly from the empty sepulcher "with fear and great joy" and did run to give the disciples word. The disciples, huddled together in a hidden room for fear of their enemies, suddenly knew that the spirit of the risen Christ was among them. "Peace be unto you," said their Lord as he showed them his pierced hands and his wounded side. "Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord."

Ever since the first Easter the mood of the day has been one of unrestrained radiance and joy. It seems that the whole race of mankind is given a new hope, a new lift, a new buoyancy. The story of the resurrection seems ever new. The ever welcome tidings that it was not possible for death to hold the spirit of the Christ seems suddenly to emancipate man from his deepest fears and his gravest despair. We feel as resilient as a man released from a long imprisonment. We may have been imprisoned within the confining walls of an earthly perspective and an earthly hopelessness only to be released by the glad news that the spirit of the godlike is immortal.

THE ARMS OF A FRIENDLY CREATOR

One of my unforgettable experiences was a severe storm off the coast of Newfoundland. For three long days and nights the all too small ship in which we took voyage was tossed helplessly about by mighty waves. The skies were dark and foreboding. We seemed in the grip of merciless and inexorable fate. But on the third afternoon the winds ceased their fury. The clouds began to lift. Suddenly a shaft of dazzling glory broke through a wide rift in the heavens. The fierce tension in the faces of our officers was eased. Life seemed safe again. Fears were dissipated. We were back in the arms of a friendly Creator. Somewhat similar was the experience of the disciples after the third day of Christ's entombment. Where were justice or love if the greatest and the most glorious of all mankind was thus to be flung ruthlessly aside by the brutality of an uncomprehending world? "Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord."

The joy of Easter is first of all this elation that comes to the emancipated soul. The drearier the prison cell, the wearier the hospital bed, the darker the night of doubt and despondency, the brighter and the more jubilant is the hour of freedom. The blackest day that ever haunted the souls of men was the day of the cross. We believe that there was radiance in the heart of the Christ for he knew that he had conquered sin and death. He never doubted that clouds would break and righteousness triumph. But the disciples knew no such joy. Theirs was an experience of utter defeat. The cross was to them a total eclipse of long cherished dreams. Hard, practical, realistic men of the world had, they thought, put to rout all the redemptive might and power of Christ their Lord.

IMPRISONED MEN SET FREE

Easter morning found the disciples captivated by a new and strange disclosure. "Why seek ye the living among the dead?" the angel had said. "Christ is not here. He is risen." The spirit of the Lord appeared to them in familiar guise. We need not try to reconcile the stories of the four Gospels with the science of today. We understand the difficulties and the mysteries involved. We need only view the incontrovertible fact that the followers of the Master testified in eloquent words to their experience with their resurrected Lord. If these words are at times bewildering to our conception of natural events we need only look upon the more obvious fact that these same disciples were miraculously empowered to go forth into a hostile world and change the hearts and the lives of mankind. We need only observe the thrilling fact that men who had been imprisoned with fear and doubt and self-reproach were set free and ever afterward proclaimed their liberty as sons of the living God.

It is important for us to see that the emancipation which the first Easter brought to the world was not merely a negative release from past bondage. It was what we may call a positive liberation. The disciples were not like released prisoners who have no place to go except their old rendezvous of temptation and wrongdoing. Their liberator was not like Moses who was able to lead his people out of bondage but was not qualified to enter the promised land. The disciples' freedom meant consummate joy because it led to a greater life than any of them had ever dreamed of.

In his far-famed novel, *Magnificent Obsession,* Lloyd Douglas describes modern men freed from enslavement to old traditions by more than one Moses who knows how to demolish old ideas but does not know how to provide better ideas by which men may live. Like the children of Israel some of these men who have been brought out of the "iron cage of creeds" become lonely for their old condition of so-called slavery. They miss the comfort and the motive power which their old faith gave them and as they wander in the wilderness they wonder if they have really been set free. But when the "Son of Man shall make you free

ye shall be free indeed." The resurrected Lord not only broke the chains of fear and of despair. He led men into a new life of the spirit and took them up to the high tablelands of fellowship with a just and loving God.

AN ANCHOR FOR THE SOUL

What is the meaning of this new life into which the resurrected Christ leads us? The psalmist gives us one clue in the familiar forty-sixth Psalm: "There is a river the streams whereof make glad the city of God. God is in the midst of her, she shall not be moved." In the same Psalm the writer gives us a startling assurance: "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea."

We see already that the central note here is that of *permanence.* The river itself is a symbol of permanence on the landscape. When men return home after years of wandering they become lonely at heart as they observe so many changes in the home town that they can hardly recognize the old-time scenes. But the river over yonder at least is a fixed landmark. "God is in the midst of her, she shall not be moved."

The resurrection gave mankind assurance of a soul-anchoring permanence in the midst of a changing world. Jesus said confidently, "Heaven and earth shall pass away but my words shall never pass away." A sense of permanence gives joy in any of the great relationships of life. Men can undergo many surface changes in our political scene if they are convinced that the foundations of our society are sure. Parents can stand many changes in custom and convention if they are certain that young people are fundamentally sound in their reverence for truth and goodness and purity. The Christian can endure perils of land and sea if he knows that nothing whatever can separate him from the love of God. He will gladly give mind and soul and strength for the sake of enthroning the final qualities of Christlike character in the hearts of men. But when on the wings of Easter morning the revelation comes that the soul's temple is from everlasting to everlasting then the Christian's crusade brings boundless and unfailing joy. As Emerson, the poet-prophet, says:

> What is excellent
> As God lives, is permanent;
> Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain;
> Hearts' love will meet thee again.

THE SKYLINE OF THE SOUL

A river is a symbol of eternity not only because it is a joy-giving permanent mark on the landscape but because its progress is ever onward and onward forever! It is a fascinating delight to sit by a river's rim and see the waters flowing gently by in a never-failing stream. The heavens are seemingly unlimited in their supply of pure water with which to refill the streamlets and brooks that replenish the river. The stream rushes ever onward and forward, always finding more room in God's infinite ocean for its endless waters.

Here is the mind-stirring and soul-captivating joy of the resurrection: the portals of life unfold before us and we see a vista without horizons and a sea without shorelines. We know what the open door means in the ordinary pursuits of the daily round. Few things are more saddening to the spirit than a blind alley job, work that offers no promise of promotion, no opportunity to develop the higher powers, no outlook upon something better. Few things are more exhilarating to the spirit of man than work that allows the widest possible scope to the talent God has given us and encourages the highest possible development of our powers.

CARL KNUDSEN

But "in the midst of life we are in death." What then shall become of the precious values which we have sought and won and which have become part of ourselves? "Because I live ye shall live also," says the Christ. And because our spirits are immortal we may devote ourselves to those goals that like the skyline ever move away from us because they are too high ever to be attained by mortal man. These are the high goals of love toward God and man, knowledge of God's infinite world of truth, ever broadening capacities for service and inspiration to our fellow men, and ever deepening appreciation of beauty in all its dazzling forms.

FOLLOW THE CHANNEL!

It is quite apparent by this time that the joys of the resurrection are not joys that are conferred upon all men without discrimination. There are certain conditions which must be met by those who would know

the Easter radiance. Even a river of water must follow its channel if it would reach the sea!

Does any great gift of personality come to us without conditions with which we must faithfully comply? What hope is there of becoming a musician or an artist or a speaker or a writer or a home-maker and to know any of the joys which these callings can bring unless we first become slaves to certain detailed rules and regulations? What would we think of a mariner who is bound on a transatlantic voyage and yet says: "I will have no use for chart or compass or pilot or stars"? Only in bondage to charts and compasses, to the pilot and to the stars, will he know freedom and joy!

The condition which the Christian must meet is set down in Paul's great chapter on immortality. "If ye then be risen with Christ seek those things that are above." Said our Lord: "Lay up for yourselves treasure in heaven."

What does it mean to lay up for yourselves treasure in heaven, or, as Paul says, to "set your affection on things above and not on things on earth"? It means that we must discipline our souls to regular worship and regular service of God as the musician disciplines himself with the scales or the pupil disciplines himself with regular work in the classroom. It means that we must train ourselves to choose the noble and the true and the spiritual values until they become as native to our souls as the atmosphere is native to our physical bodies. We cannot set our affection on things that are above or know the joys of the resurrection while we still nourish a passionate desire for the world's gadgets. The glory of Easter morning is the sacrificial red in the sky. There is no resurrection of the spirit unless we are ready to put our bodies on the cross. There is no wine of life without the crushing of grapes. There is no crown without the cross.

PAYING THE PRICE

A nationally known actor was interviewed recently and congratulated for the ease with which he earned his hundreds of thousands. He turned on the reporter and demanded that he study the program which he followed to the letter every weekday of the year. It showed more than nine hours of grueling drill out of every twenty-four.

Greatness of spirit comes only in some such fashion. We cannot be parties to a perpetual sit-down strike against the church of the living Christ and still become aware of the immortal spirit of the risen Lord.

> It is not wisdom to be only wise,
> And on the inward vision close the eyes.

The joys of the resurrection come to every child of God who learns to set his affections on things that are above, not things that are on the earth. The joy of emancipation from the prison-houses of self and of doubt and of fear, the joy of knowing abiding values, and the joy of everlasting development and growth are joys that Jesus has promised to all who seek the things that are above.

A Pastoral Prayer

By Frederick W. Norwood

ALMIGHTY and everlasting God, we who are frailty itself hail Thine omnipotence. We whose breath is in our nostrils, who are but passing shadows, hail Thine everlastingness. Give to us that faith, we beseech Thee, that enables us to exalt in Thine immeasurableness. We bless Thee for deliverance from the thoughts of Deity that are like unto ourselves, and thank Thee for the width, and the height, and the depth of the majesty of God.

Yet teach us to pray that secret way. Shed upon us that intimate light that enables us to know that we have affinity with Thee. We come to Thee in the name of Jesus Christ, who taught us when we pray to Thee, to call Thee "Our Father." Teach us to reconcile Thine Almightiness and Thine Eternity with all that connotes Fatherhood.

Teach us, we pray, to be reverent before those aspects of our own being which are strangely linked with frailty, and help us to believe that, when our hearts are buffeted, when our feet are slipping, when we cannot see the way, but only some steady shining star of truth and right, that it is better to be with the truth and the right, though the feet are slipping, than to be amid thrones and kings when truth and right are ignored.

Help us, Lord, to value these frail lives of ours which are not ours, the very tenancy of which we do not hold securely. Yet help us to reverence the life within us, believing it to be of Thee, and to be true to its highest and true to its noblest, even though the storms rage and the battle is fierce.

So guide our feet in worship, we pray, by the secret path that belongs to every soul, and light the interior of our hearts with the light that is given to each man alone, the light that radiates from the face of God. Help us to be at peace with Thee, and to return unto our rest. And yet take our thoughts away from ourselves, we pray, and set them wandering wistfully, and with compassion and understanding amidst all the multitudes of men. Even amid the trampling of multitudes help us to pray for the coming of peace, for the reviving of hope, for the restoration of well-being unto all the sons of men.

Bless Thy church everywhere, we pray, and wherever there are those who, like ourselves, are seeking Thee and offering the worship of their hearts, pour down Thy rich blessing. Make the mystic power of the Spirit to be felt among us, cause us to realize our oneness that we may think more and more of the church as one church, whether visible or invisible. Make us, we pray, to be of the household of faith. Strengthen our hearts in God this day, and this we ask through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Minister and Psychiatrist

By Arthur Cushman McGiffert

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST MONTH]

MINISTER and psychiatrist have a base line of common principles in dealing with people in mental or emotional distress, according to the analysis given last month. Yet the two professions differ both in techniques and in resources. The advantage lies wholly on neither side.

• *'Taking Pay' Might Be Advantageous*

Unlike the psychiatrist the minister takes no pay for his interviews. Sometimes it would appear advantageous if the minister could make a charge for certain kinds of counseling. There is a Scottish trait in almost everybody that prompts them to keep coming for further treatment if they have already expended some of their money. Many a psychiatric relationship, I suspect, is kept alive and continued during the inevitable miserable, dismal and hostile periods because the patient has put so much money into the experiment that he will not quit even though the interviews hurt. If in the course of a consultation a minister has to hurt his parishioner he lacks the extra assistance of a cash nexus to help him handle the individual in such a way as not to break the bond established between them. This is a problem that needs further examination.

Furthermore, if ministers received some special compensation for special pastoral service they might be more content to keep their mouths shut more of the time during the interviews. Clement of Alexandria once asked why the sophists are like an old shoe. His answer was, "Because they are all worn out except the tongue." Words are the minister's metier. But in pastoral work a man may overindulge his talent for speech in two ways.

• *The Grace of Holding One's Tongue*

He can talk too soon and too much in the interview itself. A minister who is accustomed to use his pulpit to solve problems verbally is likely to feel uncomfortable in a personal interview if he cannot resort to this same method and tell his parishioner what is wrong and what to do. As one minister remarked, "It is so much harder to be silent than to talk." Nevertheless some effective pieces of pastoral counseling can be done only if the minister can hold his tongue for ten minutes or more, maintaining silence at the very time when the other person is equally speechless and struggling with the decision as to what to say or whether to say it at all.

The minister needs also to learn to keep his mouth shut about what goes on in the privacy of the personal interview. Sad, grotesque, sordid, tragic and sometimes dramatic things come out in these meetings. It is difficult to keep them to oneself; all too easy to tell them to the next person one calls on, or in the next Sunday's sermon with insufficient disguise. Yet nothing can more quickly destroy a minister's pastoral opportunities than getting the reputation of being a gossip.

• *Sharing Techniques Of Consultation*

Ministers have for the most part failed, however, to make use of a legitimate type of divulgence of their people's problems. Anyone who has attended a conference in which half a dozen psychiatrists concentrate their attention on a single case-history will realize that in this practice of consultation lies part of the secret of the great advances these professionals have made in their understanding of human nature. By sharing diagnoses, interpretations and methods of treatment they accumulate insights and broaden and strengthen one another's work. Wisely administered this technique of consultation betrays no confidences. Such information as is given never goes beyond the professional circle.

Ministers might well take a leaf from the psychiatrist's professional example and devote some of their frequent ministerial meetings to the personal pastoral problems they are constantly facing. I commend to such bodies as the Monday ministers' meetings the common study, for example, of the problem of bereavement. Let forty or more cases be presented and examined, until the understanding of grief and the treatment of grief be no longer limited by the fumbling individual knowledge each minister separately possesses and painfully enlarges. Slowly the knowledge of each would become the knowledge of all.

• *Basic Church Fellowship An Advantage*

The minister has at his disposal one all-important asset which the psychiatrist lacks, a fellowship. The minister does not work alone. He has at his disposal the resource of a social group, the church. One school of psychiatrists appears already to be developing the embryonic beginnings of a social fellowship (the analytical psychologists) which incorporates into a common whole the individuals who have shared a common experience. The minister does not have to await the invention of such a fellowship. Through his fellowship he can multiply and continue his own pastoral activity. Into the fellowship of the church the minister can incorporate many a lost soul, providing them with the continuing intimacies of an understanding friendship which they so need.

Obviously this kind of personal service cannot be rendered by any and every member of the church. But one does not need long acquaintance with most churches to discover that they are cellular in their organization. They consist of several separate groups of special interests and talents: missionary outreach, social action, education, philanthropy, culture, etc. And one of these "cells" is likely to be a few men and women into whose circle of faith and love the minister can introduce a troubled fellow parishioner. What else is this but making use of the Protestant principle of the universal priesthood of all believers?

• *The Minister Has a Philosophy Of Life to Offer*

The church offers the minister a further opportunity. It provides him with an instrument for group therapy. The possibility of treating individuals in a group instead of separately has aroused considerable interest among psychiatrists. But what else is preaching—or rather some preaching—than giving common instruction to a group of individuals, who can with the saving of time receive it in a group and who can also be told certain things in a group which they would find it harder to accept in a personal interview? If such a view be taken of the function of preaching, then preaching must deal more than it has in the past with emotional education and re-education. The same observation may be applied equally to the rest of the educational program of the church.

The minister differs from the psychiatrist in that he frankly acknowledges that he has a philosophy of life. He does not conceal it. Certain standards and values he proposes to promote and share. Now psychiatrists

also have their philosophy of life. But many of them deliberately attempt to hold their personal philosophy of life in abeyance. They try to maintain a neutral attitude toward the patient and let him work out his own way of thinking and evaluating.

The psychiatrist claims that he does not pass judgment. I suspect, however, that this theory of the psychiatrist is honored in the breach, and that most of them would not consider the patient cured so long as that patient refused to agree with the doctor's general way of looking at life.

• *The Question of Passing Judgment*

This raises a profounder issue, however. What use can the minister make of the psychiatric principle of not passing judgment on his patient? If he pass judgment, if he say "tut tut" or "phew," can he hope that the patient will continue to uncover the secret places of his life? Yet the minister will have to listen to things that flout all the standards it is his business to uphold and propagate. The minister in such a situation has to shift his attitude in the course of his consultations.

First he takes the position, Neither do I condemn thee. He reminds himself that God makes his sun to rise on the evil and the good. So he withholds his judgment while he allows the hidden trouble to find full expression and seeks to determine the causative factors. But ultimately he must pass judgment upon the conduct or attitudes of the individual he is dealing with.

• *Christian Standards Call for Judgments*

This does not necessarily mean he is being cruel for cruelty's sake. Not to pass judgment means that he has no standards, that he thinks one way of life as good as another. There has got to be a straight edge somewhere and by it the crooked is seen to be crooked. This judgment the minister passes on the assumption that a potential self-judgment already exists in the mind of the individual which the minister can objectify and reinforce. He may assume that the individual wishes to have such a judgment passed upon him. The case of the woman whom Jesus did not condemn illustrates this principle. It is fair to assume that she did not get the impression from Jesus that he thought what she did was all right. On the contrary she, knowing his standard, was grateful to have her own judgment upon herself confirmed. What does this judgment without condemnation mean to the individual who is suffering from the emotional distress of a sense of guilt? It means for him that he is still loved in spite of what he has done. He has not been thrust away by the person who as guardian and symbol of the flouted standard might be expected to spurn him. Well might the minister recoil. Instead he exhibits the dual attitude of faith and love which are the constituents of forgiveness.

These are the three stages in personal counseling, based on a Christian philosophy of life: no judgment; severe judgment; forgiveness.

• *Pointing the Parishioner Beyond Himself*

Another element in a Christian philosophy of life has immediate bearing upon the pastoral work of the minister. The latter does not share the psychiatrist's ambition of securing autonomy and independence for the individual he is trying to help. The final word of the Christian religion is dependence, not autonomy. Christianity measures growth by the degree of the transfer from dependence upon individuals and social groups to dependence upon a power superior to them. The minister points the parishioner beyond himself. Like his parishioner he also stands under the judgment and in need of the love of God. His recognition of this tempers his own judgments of others and gives him that humility which keeps him from thinking he has himself fully attained.

Lenten and Easter Verse

Simon and Judas

HOW dare we look askance at these two men,
Toy with unspoken thoughts, "Were I there then—"
Venture to pity, blame, or mildly scoff?
We, who have struck not once with any sword,
Who have so many times betrayed our Lord,
Nor followed even at a great way off!

KENNETH W. PORTER.

Knowledge

THEY list for me the things I cannot know:
Whence came the world? What Hand flung out the light
Of yonder stars? How could a God of right
Ordain for earth an ebbless tide of woe?
Their word is true; I would not scorn their doubt
Who press their questions of the how and why.
But this I know: that from the star-strewn sky
There comes to me a peace that puts to rout
All brooding thoughts of dread, abiding death;
And too I know, with every fragrant dawn,
That Life is Lord; that, with the Winter gone,
There cometh Spring, a great reviving Breath.
It is enough that life means this to me;
What death shall mean, some sunny Morn shall see.

THOMAS CURTIS CLARK.

I, Too, Have Known

I TOO, have known Gethsemane
In lonely tryst,
I have broken bread with Peter . . .
By Judas kissed.

And grim frustration I have known
Of cherished plans,
Met Thomas-doubts instead of trust
In many lands.

I, too, have known the rabble throng,
Their taunts and jeers,
I, too, have borne the heavy cross
'Mid scornful sneers.

But oh, I've reached the heights sublime
At dawn of day,
Known glorious triumph when the stone
Was rolled away.

MARGUERITE GEORGE.

Gilead

THE heart is cold that has not chilled
With fear that love could pass away.
The soul is dry that does not thirst
For clear refreshment day by day.
And eyes are dim that in the light
Have never seen the need to pray.

MARY BRENNAN CLAPP.

WHO'S WHO in THIS ISSUE

REV. PAUL SCHERER *has been minister* of the Holy Trinity Church, New York City, since 1920. His education was received at the College of Charleston (S. C.) and Lutheran Theological Seminary at Mt. Airy. Dr. Scherer has won wide favor as a radio preacher and as a speaker before university audiences. His sermon published in this issue was delivered over the network of the National Broadcasting Company.

From 1906 to 1910 Rev. GAIUS GLENN ATKINS was minister of the First Congregational Church in Detroit, then he spent seven years at Central Church, Providence, R. I. In 1917 he was recalled to the Detroit church, where he continued his ministry until 1927. Leaving Detroit, he became Hoyt professor of homiletics and sociology at Auburn Theological Seminary. Dr. Atkins' most recent book is *Christianity and the Creative Quests* —the Cole Lectures delivered at Vanderbilt University last year.

Rev. ELMER S. FREEMAN *was educated* at the College of the Pacific, Sorbonne University in Paris, and the Church Divinity School of the Pacific. Ordained in the Episcopal Church, he served parishes in California, the Hawaiian Islands and New York State. Resigning orders in the Episcopal Church, he pursued studies in Chicago Theological Seminary, receiving the B.D. degree last year. He has ministered at the Essex Community Church, Chicago, since January, 1937.

Rev. DURBIN C. SCHEIBE *received his* divinity degree from Chicago Theological Seminary in 1930. His first pastorate was at Valley Community Church, El Paso, Tex.; for the past seven years he has ministered at the Congregational Church of Williston, S. D. At the present time he is chairman of the Rural Life Study Commission of the State Conference.

Rev. EDGAR N. JACKSON *comes from a* long line of clergymen on one side and of sea captains on the other. He received his education at Ohio Wesleyan, Drew and Union Seminaries and Yale Divinity School. Following a three-year pastorate at Centerport, N. Y., he went to the Methodist Church in Thomaston, Conn.

For the past nine years Rev. LYNN HAROLD HOUGH has been professor of homiletics and comprehensive scholarship, also dean, at Drew University. In earlier years he was a professor at Garrett Biblical Institute and for a year served as president of Northwestern University. Dr. Hough held pastorates at Central Methodist Church, Detroit, and at the American Presbyterian Church in Montreal, Canada. His sermon in this issue was delivered at the Sunday Evening Club of Chicago.

Rev. CARL KNUDSEN *is beginning his* ninth year as pastor of the Church of the Pilgrimage, Plymouth, Mass. Earlier pastorates were in Bridgewater and Brockton, Mass., and Dillon, Mont. He holds M.A. and S.T.B. degrees from Boston University and also studied at Albion College and Harvard University

Rev. FREDERICK W. NORWOOD *has recently* accepted a call to St. Andrews-Wesley Church, Vancouver, Canada.

Dr. ARTHUR C. MCGIFFERT *is professor* of Christian theology at Chicago Theological Seminary. His two articles published in these pages are based on a lecture delivered on the Earl Foundation at the Pacific School of Religion.

TITLES AND TEXTS

What Pulpit Readers are Preaching About

J. BRENT WOOD, JR., Collingwood Ave. Presbyterian, Toledo, O. "The Clarion Out of the Clamor." Isa. 58:1—"Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet."

J. W. HUTCHINSON, Congregational, West Suffield, Conn. "A Kingdom Without Boundaries." Gal. 3:28—"In Christ there is neither Jew nor Greek, bond nor free. . . ."

FOR YOUR SERMON AND TEXT

. . . . . .

Title of Sermon

. . . . . .

Text used (write out the text)

. . . . . .

Name of minister

. . . . . .

Name of church

. . . . . .

Address

CLARENCE E. MACARTNEY, First Presbyterian, Pittsburgh. "The dreams I dreamed too late." Joel 2:28—"Your old men shall dream dreams."

DAVID MCKEITH, JR., Asylum Hill Congregational, Hartford, Conn. "And the Life Everlasting." Heb. 7:16—"The power of an endless life."

ORVA LEE ICE, Baptist, Wilkinsburg, Pa. "Palms in the Dust." Matt. 21:8—"They took off branches from the trees and strewed them in the way."

R. P. MARSHALL, Lakeland, Fla. "The Steadying Power of the Unseen." Heb. 11:27—"Like one who saw the King Invisible, he never flinched." (Moffatt)

TERRY WILSON, Methodist, Jasper, Tex. "Part-Time Christians." Acts 1:17—"For he was numbered with us, and had obtained part of this ministry."

DALE M. LIMBERT, First Methodist, New Knoxville, O. "Budgeting for the Beyond." Matt. 6:20—"Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven."

LUCIUS M. TOBIN, Bethel Baptist, Gaffney, S. C. "Weathervane Christians." Eph. 4:14—"We must not be babes any longer, blown about and swung around by every wind of doctrine through the trickery of men with their ingenuity in inventing error."

The Editor's Page

The Event of the Month

AGAIN Adolf Hitler provides the outstanding news of the world. He has held the front page in the newspapers and the front of the stage in the world scene almost constantly for over a year with his breath-taking aggressions which have brought Germany from a population of less than 70 million to one of more than 90 million. Czechoslovakia has been absorbed and now Memel. The world is in a more anxious state of mind than even in Napoleon's day. No one can guess Hitler's future purposes. Where will he strike next? And what will other nations do when he strikes? No one knows. The foreign policy of every nation is obscure and uncertain. How serious is Mussolini in the demands upon France which he has inspired the Italian press and populace to voice? Where will Poland stand if Hitler takes an aggressive line in Rumania and the Ukraine? Are the mosaic parts of Jugoslavia getting ready to demand self-determination and with the demand throw that country into chaos as Austria and Czechoslovakia were thrown into chaos only to present Hitler with an invitation to come in and gobble up the whole thing? How far will Britain and France let this process go on without military intervention? Where will Franco's Spain stand? The whole world is feverishly producing arms and armaments. Nothing like it was ever known before. If Karl Marx could see it he would declare that his prophecy that the capitalist world would destroy itself in universal war was on the point of coming true. The nations are in control of irrational forces. Reason has abdicated. The dilemma seems to be absolute. If Hitler is unopposed there will be world-wide tyranny. If he is opposed and destroyed—who dares to hope that victory for the democracies will make the world safe for democracy?

An Anxious World

The Book of the Month

THE QUEST FOR RELIGIOUS CERTAINTY, *by Harold A. Bosley. Willett, Clark & Company, $2.50.*

THIS is a thoughtful book for thoughtful readers. Dr. Bosley is pastor of the Mount Vernon Place Methodist Church, Baltimore. He has been, since taking his doctor's degree at the University of Chicago, a teacher of philosophy and director of religious activities at Iowa State Teachers College. A special significance attaches to his book because the author's mind is typically American, in the philosophical sense. By this I mean that he approaches religious problems from the point of view, not of British or European thought, but of the kind of thought which dominates the intellectual life of the United States. This is generally called pragmatism or empiricism. William James and John Dewey are its major prophets in philosophy and Henry Nelson Wieman is its major prophet in contemporary theology. It is usually assumed in Europe that this empirical philosophy is destructive of theology. But Dr. Bosley, who stands within this tradition, and close to the thought of Professor Wieman, does not find it so, but rather uses it to establish a vigorous and vital Christian faith. If he refuses to start with dogmas, he comes out with an assurance that, if not dogmatic, is profoundly confident in the Christian faith. The book will be congenial to American thinkers, but it would add greatly to general Christian understanding if its argument could be brought home to British and continental theologians.

A Thought for the Month

MOST of us, if we were asked, What is the opposite of faith? would probably answer, Doubt. But doubt is not the opposite of faith. Fear is the opposite of faith. Doubt is the opposite of belief. And belief is not the same as faith. Belief is a purely intellectual affirmation and need not involve our behavior at all. Did not James say that the devils also believe—and tremble? Faith, on the contrary, involves action. It may be supported by clear and strong beliefs, or by only the most vague beliefs. Jesus did not try to get men to *believe* things. He was not a philosopher or a theologian, in our sense. What he tried to do for people was to increase their faith. The thing that *decreases* faith and inhibits it is not doubt, but fear. Jesus did not reproach men for their lack of beliefs, but for their lack of faith. "Why are you so fearful?" he said. Why do you not give the right of way to the deepest and truest impulses of your hearts? The answer which is both explicit and implicit in all his teaching is that men are afraid. This is true of us as individuals. It is also true of the church. The church is rich in beliefs, but haunted with fear. It is hard for it to launch forth on the lines of its own belief in human equality and brotherhood and to stand for a social order that will give racial justice and economic justice and social justice to all. It is hard for the church to project its work and its fellowship on the basis of Christian ideals lest it sacrifice the material prosperity and prestige it now enjoys. Fear inhibits the church from taking a stand against war. The church hides behind the fear that unless we fight civilization will be destroyed. But it is war that is destroying civilization. Jesus' own witness and the glory of his mission among men was that he was not afraid—not afraid even of the cross. His life was so controlled by his faith that he was willing to leave to God the consequences of his own apparent failure.

The Opposite Of Faith

Charles Clayton Morrison

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Dr. Bosley is minister of the Mount Vernon Place Methodist Church, Baltimore, and was formerly a professor of philosophy and religious literature in Iowa State Teachers College. He is recognized as one of the most brilliant of the younger theologians and philosophers.

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